The Grub-ſtreet Journal.

NUMB. 106

Thursday, JANUARY 13, 1731.

A general murmur ran quite through the Hall,
To think that the Bays to an Actor ſhould fall.
Seſſions of the Poets in Dryden's Miſcellanies, Vol. II.

ALTHO' the following Letter, ſent at a time when it could not conveniently be inſerted in our *Journal*, was written above a year ago: yet, it is not doubted, but the fame of the LAUREAT, which conſtantly receives an annual augmentation at this ſeaſon, will render this Piece acceptable now to the Public.

To Mr. BAVIUS, Secretary to the Grubean Society.

SIR,

THE entertaining account you gave us, in * one of your *Journals*, of the rites and ceremonies practiſed at the inauguration of a Poet-Laureat, under the Pontificate of L o X, occaſioned my falling into ſeveral reflections upon the preſent ſtate of Engliſh Poetry, the injudiciouſneſs of Patrons, and the proper methods of retrieving the honour of the Muſes, and reſtoring the moſt elegant of all the ſciences to its ancient luſtre and reputation; which diſpoſed me for the following dream or viſion, when I went to bed.

I fancied myſelf walking up and down in the ſhady groves of Parnaſſus, amidſt a very large company of Poets of all nations and languages; of whom few made a better figure than thoſe of the Engliſh. I had not long wandered in this agreeable ſcene, before ſome of theſe welcomed my arrival in the moſt obliging manner, and with the moſt ſenſible demonſtrations of joy for the acceſſion of a new brother and aſſociate to thoſe delightful regions of ſerenity and repoſe. For they made me to underſtand, that the little grudges and heart-burnings of jealouſy, and that narrowneſs of ſoul with which paltry mortals are ſo much upon the fret at the thoughts of a rival, are unknown to the more candid and exalted ſpirits of Parnaſſus, who think a partnerſhip of fame, and the immortality it gives, an accumulation of their happineſs. I never was ſo much mortified with not being in reality what I was taken for, as now; nor ſo heartily regretted any thing, as that I had not purſued ſuch elevated and refined ſtudies, as might have entitled me to a place in ſo much good company. ——— However, before I undeceived them as to their favourable conceptions of me, I preſumed to enquire, whether any of our nation had of late been thought worthy to be admitted among them, becauſe they ſeemed to entertain with ſo much pleaſure the acceſſion of a youth, who had a juſter opinion of himſelf, than to think he had a title to the great honour they were pleaſed to do him. To which it was anſwered, that, on what account they knew not, but the Engliſh genius, they apprehended, had very much declined. For a great number of our Countrymen had made pretenſions to their Society of late; but for want of good credentials, they were ſtill rejected. Why, alas! then, Gentlemen, I replied, it is no ſmall affliction to me to be obliged to declare to you, that I am not the happy perſon you miſtake me for. This is but an excurſion into theſe flowery regions, like the accidental adventures of my Muſe; I am not ſo fortunate as to be free of your company, and enrolled a Parnaſſian; for, being no profeſſed Poet, how ſhould I obtain the privileges of your community under the hand of APOLLO?

Upon this, a venerable Bard, whom I now apprehended to be the great DRYDEN, whoſe aſpect carried ſomething more auguſt, ſince his Apotheoſis, as I may call it, than the pictures he has left us of himſelf, during his mortality: Why, Brother, for I will call you ſo, it is a greater indication of merit, as well as more truly honourable, to decline honours than to court them with never ſo much ſucceſs; nor is he leſs to be eſteemed a Poet who can write, and does not, or who conceals what he has written, either out of modeſty, or want of ambition. What further paſſed betwixt us, I ſhall not preſume to mention: but our conference was ſoon interrupted by a ſurprizing clamour, which aſcended the mountain; when approaching nearer, we heard, Make way there for the noble LAUREAT of Great Britain! This drew our curioſity to know who this illuſtrious perſonage ſhould be, and the reception APOLLO would give him. Big with this expectation, we were carried to the preſence-room, where his Parnaſſian Majeſty gives audience, and determines the pretenſions of the candidates for the laurel.

We were no ſooner arrived, than the undaunted Britiſh Bard was introduced to his Majeſty, and, with an air of confidence, challenged the laurel, as inconteſtably his own: which was attended with a general acclamation of all the ſcouts and ſcavengers of Parnaſſus, and did not contribute a little to the elevation of his creſt. To be ſhort, APOLLO was pleaſed to demand his credentials, telling him he had never yet heard of his name. May it pleaſe your Maeſty, replies his Laureatſhip, not at all abaſhed with the ſeverity of the rebuke, here are my Works, which will ſpeak for me. With that he preſented APOLLO with two large volumes in Quarto, finely bound and gilt; and, added he, Who has yet trod the Engliſh ſtage with better grace, or ever acted a character, or written one, better than your Majeſty's moſt obedient ſervant? APOLLO opening the Books, found they were Plays; whereupon knitting his brows, I tell thee, Bard, ſays he, I am ſo ſurfeited with the productions of you modern Play-wrights, that I have ordered moſt of the Plays that have been written in this laſt age, to be diſpoſed of in a library adjoining to the Temple of CLOACINA, at the foot of Parnaſſus, where alone they can be of uſe to mankind. Beſides, for me to beſtow the never-fading crown of Poets, which Princes and Conquerors have been ambitious of wearing, upon a Player, without ſome extraordinary merit, will be degrading the dignity of the laurel.

Here the Bard interrupted: But, Sir, with reverence, LAUREAT I am, and LAUREAT I muſt be; for the greateſt Prince of the preſent age, has commanded it to be ſo; and therefore I am, with authority, chief Poet in his dominions. This really, rejoined APOLLO, is like NERO's taking the laurel by ſtrength of his legions, and crowning himſelf with it; at the ſame time cauſing himſelf to be proclaimed, with ſound of trumpet, the beſt Poet in his dominions, let any man ſay the contrary at his peril. Well, Mr. LAUREAT, proceeds he, as great a veneration as I have for every thing that comes ſigned by the authority of the Prince, whoſe ſervant you now write your ſelf, and whoſe ſanction and recommendation generally have the place of law with me, as being the true teſtimonial of merit; I cannot yet admit your claim to the laurel in my Parnaſſian territories, without ſome formal proofs of your abilities, according to the ſtatutes of theſe our poetical dominions; and 'till I ſee your compliments to your Sovereign, in return for the honour he has done you. You have likewiſe to paſs your examination, and the rites of inauguration, before you can be endenizoned in the Heliconian climes.

And now I perceived an indignation to ſpread and redden the faces of ſome venerable Bards, who, one and all, requeſted that the Candidate might be examined in the antient Writers of the Drama; and that he might be required to tranſlate ſome paſſages of the antient Poets; which, as a right line diſcovers its contrary, would try the truth of his genius, and how far his manner of compoſing would bear the touch-ſtone of nature and good ſence. But this examination he had the modeſty to decline.—Upon which a draught of the water of *Hippocrene*, was ordered to be given him, which having a ſudorific quality, if the Candidate had juſt pretenſions to the poetical ſpirit, would refine and defecate his upper parts, by an inſenſible perſpiration, and prepare him for breathing the purer air of the Parnaſſian climate; if the contrary, like the water of jealouſy, it would work violently downward, and ſhew its effects in the nether regions. And this laſt happened to be the caſe, to the very great offence of our noſes; which threw the aſſembly into ſo loud a fit of laughter, that it awaked

Your moſt humble ſervant, A. B.

SIR,

SOon after I ſent you that Letter upon *eaſy writing*, &c. I was obliged to go into the country; from whence I returned not 'till yeſterday. The firſt thing I did was to read your three Journals that have been publiſhed in my abſence; and I read them indeed with a great deal of pleaſure. You ſeem to hate heartily, and to be reſolved to encounter ſtoutly all nonſence and abſurdity, all villainy and impoſition upon the Public, in whatſoever ſubject you ſhall find them. A moſt audacious and truly *Herculean* undertaking. Pray never flinch from that deſign, which is ſo very laudable; and you'll certainly have ſucceſs, and do good. It was particularly a lucky thought of yours, to give us the news of the paſt week, with remarks. I look upon your Paper as a ſort of *Expurgatory Index*, to purge away, and clear us of all the traſh and filth that we have been gorged and ſurfeited with, for a whole week together.

I fancy, Mr. BAVIUS, you would not like a Letter with nothing in it but your own praiſes; therefore I'll write down a few verſes of HORACE, Epiſt. L. I. Ep. XVI. ver. 25, &c.

Si quis bella tibi terra pugnata marique
Dicat, & his verbis vacuas permulceat aures;
' TENE *magis ſalvum populus velit, an populum tu,*
'Servet in ambiguo, qui conſulit & tibi & urbi,
'Jupiter; Auguſti laudes agnoſcere poſſis.

Whilſt I was reading this moſt beautiful Epiſtle at my friend's houſe in the country, I happened to look into the old Scholiaſt upon HORACE, and there I found that this compliment to AUGUSTUS is quoted by HORACE out of a panegyrical Poem of VARIUS upon AUGUSTUS, *Hæc enim*, ſays the Scholiaſt, *Varius de Auguſto ſcripſerat; ſunt autem ex notiſſimo Panegyrico Auguſti.* HORACE makes a great compliment both to AUGUSTUS and VARIUS, by producing theſe verſes, and 'tis pity we have not more remains of that excellent Poet. For, in my opinion, theſe are the fineſt lines, and contain the fineſt compliment that ever was made by any mortal. The more you conſider, the more you admire. There's the judgment and ſolidity of VIRGIL, the eaſe and unaffectedneſs of OVID. 'Tis as lofty and ſtrong as HOMER; and, as to expreſſion, ſhort and natural as HORACE himſelf. I wiſh I could tranſlate them into † two Engliſh ones as good; I would give 50 pounds. Let POPE himſelf do it, if he can, and apply them to our AUGUSTUS.

I can't forbear tranſcribing out of the ſame Epiſtle, four or five moſt admirable lines, both becauſe they contain a very good moral, and becauſe there's a reading intolerably falſe and nonſenſical. Ver. 39, 40.

Falſus honor juvat, & mendax infamia terret,
Quem niſi mendoſum & mendacem?

Dr. BENTLEY's edition has *mendoſum & medicandum?* and *medicandum* is undoubtedly the true reading for *egentem Helleboro, non ſanum.* Indeed *mendacem* makes downright nonſenſe, as the Critic has fully demonſtrated; beſides, *medicandum* is in the beſt MSS. yet *mendacem* ſticks in our vulgate Editions, and there ſtick it will, perhaps, in ſpite of BENTLEY and common ſenſe. To ſpeak truth, the whole paſſage was very obſcure and ill underſtood before he took it in hand.

'Tis bold, perhaps, to meddle with HORACE after BENTLEY, and yet I'll mention to you ‡ a conjecture of mine, upon a paſſage that he has not touched *Carm. Lib* I. Ode XV. v. 13. NEREUS, foretelling the deſtruction of Troy, ſays to PARIS,

Nequicquam Veneris præſidio ferox
Pectes cæſariem, grataque fœminis
Imbelli citharæ carmina dividis:
Nequicquam thalamo graves

Haſtas & calami ſpicula Cnoſſii
Vibabis, ſtrepitumque, & celerem ſequi
Ajacem: tamen, heu ſerus, adulteros
Crines *pulvere collines.*

I was thinking the Poet would not uſe *crines* ſo ſoon after *cæſariem*, and I believe he wrote *adulteros cultus.* It came into my mind, upon reading theſe verſes, *Carm. Lib.* IV. Ode IX. v. 13.

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* *Journal the* 46th.

† It is, no doubt, impoſſible to do this, the Latin containing thirty ſix ſyllables; and two Engliſh verſes, but twenty. However, the very thought of applying them to our AUGUSTUS, incited Mr. MÆVIUS to attempt them in four lines, in which there are but four ſyllables more than in the Latin. The Society highly approved them, and ordered that they ſhould be ſubjoined to this Letter, as a ſhort ſpecimen of unpenſioned Panegyric; intirely different from ſome *New-years Odes*, which, if the Author was not well known, might juſtly be looked upon as grave burleſques upon the Court.

‡ I wiſh this Gentleman would ſend us for the future only his own conjectures, or at the moſt ſuch criticiſms of other learned men as are not commonly known; the two preceding being in ſeveral editions of *Horace*, particularly in that by Mr. BAXTER.

Non ſola comptos arſit adulteri
Crines & *aurum veſtibus illitum,*
Mirata regaleſque cultus
Et comites, Helene Lacæna.

Cultus in both places means the whole dreſs and exterior garb, with all its attractions and allurements of gold, ſilver, gems, &c. which are very properly called *adulteros*; *aurum veſtibus illitum, regaleſque* cultus. SUETONIUS, in his life of NERO, has, *inſignes pinguiſſima* coma & *excellentiſſimo* cultu *pueri*; and FLORUS ſays of CLEOPATRA, that ſhe was *induta maximos cultus*. Beſides, *cultus* has been found in ſome MSS.

Pour la bonne bouche, I'll give you a very honeſt verſe of PLAUTUS,

Pulchrum ornatum *pejus cæno turpes mores collinunt.*

where you'll obſerve, *ornatum collinunt*, as in HORACE, *cultus colliner.*

Jan. 1. 1731. I am yours, PHILARCHÆUS.

P. S. I muſt go into the country again before I can ſend you any more upon MILTON: when I come back I will, *omnes nervos intendere*; in the mean time you may, if you pleaſe, print what you have already.

To the KING.

Whether for your, or for your People's weal,
Or They, or You are fir'd with warmer zeal;
May JOVE, to whom You Both your ſafety owe,
Still keep a ſecret from the world below.

BAVIUS.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

C. *Courant.* | E P. *Evening Poſt.*
P. *Poſt-Boy.* | S J. *S. James's Evening Poſt.*
D P. *Daily Poſt.* | WE. *Whitehall Evening P.*
D J. *Daily Journal.* | LE. *London Evening Poſt.*

THURSDAY, *Jan.* 6.

We hear that his Majeſty will ſend a ſolemn Embaſſy to compliment Don Carlos on his peaceable and happy entry into the dominions of Tuſcany and Parma. *D P.*

On tueſday laſt his Excellency Gov. Phillips, upon his return from his Government went to Court, had the honour to kiſs their Majeſties hands, and was graciouſly received. *D P.*

On friday laſt Mr. Anderſon and Mr. Milborn, 2 of his Majeſty's Grooms, landed in Holland with the ſet of fine horſes that his Majeſty preſented to his moſt ſerene Highneſs the Duke of Lorrain. *C.* And his Highneſs's Maſter of the horſe was there ready to receive them, and proceeded directly to Lorrain with the ſaid horſes. *P.*

A few days ago the R. Hon. the E. of Rockingham ſet out on his travels for France, Spain, &c. for about 3 years. *P.*

Yeſterday the Court of Directors of the Eaſt India Company appointed John Brown, Eſq; one of the Repreſentatives in Parliament for Dorcheſter, to be their ſtanding Council, in the room of Dr. Exton Sayer, deceaſed. *D J.*

We hear the books and manuſcripts of the R. Rev. the L. Biſhop of S. Aſaph, which we mentioned in our Paper of the 4th inſtant, lay 20 hours below water; and there were as many of them, when opened, as loaded 7 waggons; among which were between 2 and 300 volumes of manuſcripts, which his Lordſhip has been collecting near theſe 40 years: they are ſo much damaged, that they are obliged to take them in pieces, and dry them on lines; ſeveral of them are loſt, and many ſo much damaged as to be uſeleſs. So *fatal* has the laſt year been to the *Hiſtory and Antiquities* of our nation. *D J.*

Yeſterday John Yorke, Eſq; Member of Parliament for the Borough of Richmond, in the County of York, was married to the Hon. Miſs Ann D'Arcy, Daughter to the late R. Hon. James L. D'Arcy, of Sedbury in the ſame County; an agreeable young Lady of great merit and fortune; and they are gone to reſide at their houſe in Queen's-ſquare, near Ormond-ſtreet. *D P.*

On tueſday laſt died, at his father's in Golden-ſquare, Mr. Burroughs, a young Gentleman of a pretty good fortune: it is ſaid the loſs he ſuſtained in the Charitable Corporation broke his heart. *D P.*

Cambridge, Jan. 3. Dr. Needham left his eſtate, which is very conſiderable, to his relations; but in caſe they die without iſſue, it comes to the *Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy.* *D J.*

We are informed that the Rev. Mr. Doiley, Miniſter of Ingarſton in Eſſex, has lately given to the Corporation for ſupport of poor widows and children of Clergymen, the ſum of 3000 l. in conſideration of which, they ſettle 1000 l. [100 l. *D P. Jan.* 7.] to be paid yearly for ever; 70 l. to 7 ſuch widows with families of ſmall children as they ſhall find to be moſt in want, at 10 l. a year each, and 30 l. to ſuch Clergymens children as ſhall be named from time to time by Truſtees, to be appointed by his will. *L E.*

The Chriſtmas Jury have collected, for diſcharging poor Debtors out of the Gatehouſe priſon in Weſtminſter, and for other charitable purpoſes, in the ſaid City and Liberty, upwards of 250 l. *L E.*

This day began the Gen. Quarter Seſſions for Weſtminſter, when Sir John Gonſon gave a very uſeful charge on that occaſion. *W E.* A learned charge. *D J. Jan.* 7.

Glouceſter, Jan. 1. About the middle of this week a young woman going to puſh off her father's barge, a little above the key, accidentally ſlipt into the river, and was drowned; the news whereof ſo ſurprized her mother, that ſhe died ſoon after; and both were interred together this evening. —— We have received advice, that on Nov. 27. was paid into the hands of the R. Hon. the L. Mayor of London, the ſum of 55 l. 6 s. 9 d. collected in the pariſhes of S. Nicholas, S. Michael, S. Mary de Grace, and S. Mary de Load; which money is apply'd as follows, viz. to Blandford 361. 15 s. 9d. and to Tiverton 18 l. 11 s. *S J. W E.*

There is lately erected a Society who call themſelves FREE SAWYERS, who claim a priority to the Free Maſons, the order of Gormogon, and Antient Hums; for as the Free Maſons pretend to date their ſtanding from the building of Babel, ſo theſe FREE SAWYERS ſay, they cut the ſtones for thoſe mad builders; and what is very remarkable among them, they have a fine ſilver Saw laid on their table at their meetings, with this Motto, LET IT WORK. *L E.*

FRIDAY, *Jan.* 7.

Yeſterday being Twelfth-day, the Knights Companions of the moſt noble orders appeared at Court in their Collars, where their Majeſties, &c. heard divine ſervice, and made the uſual offerings of purſes of gold, myrrhe, and frankincenſe. The ſame evening there was a great Drawing-room, when the King play'd at cards for the benefit of the Groom-Porter; and according to annual cuſtom, he received his uſual preſent of a handful of gold from a bowl at the King's table, beſides other preſents from the ſeveral Nobility and Quality. *C. D J.*

We hear that the perſons who bought the reverſion of the late E. of Derwentwater's eſtate, are Mr. Smith of Aldgate, Sir Joſ. Eyles, Mr. Bond, and Mr. White. *D P.*

We hear that the E. of Crawford has reſign'd his Troop in the Scotch grey regiment of Dragoons. *D P.*

On wedneſday night, about 11 o' clock, Mr. John Yerbury was knock'd down by 2 ſtreet-robbers, near Child's Coffee-houſe in S. Paul's Church yard, who robbed him of 5 s. and abuſed him in a very ſeverſe manner. *D J.*

Laſt wedneſday died at Weybridge in Surrey, Jonathan Beeſaiz, Eſq; and has left 5000 l. by his will to a private Centinel of the foot guards. *D J.* —— Laſt friday died George Heneage, Eſq; at his ſeat in Lincolnſhire, a Gentleman poſſeſſed of about 8000 l. per ann. *P.* —— On ſaturday laſt died at Iſlington, Mr. Emlyn, an eminent diſſenting Miniſter *D. D P. But the ſame day was ſeen well on horſeback in Alderſgate-ſtreet.* —— On wedneſday laſt died Sir John Blount, Bar. who in the year 1720 was a Director of the South Sea Company. *P. D P.* —— The report of the death of Sir John Blount is without foundation. *C. Jan.* 8.

We hear that the increaſing Subſcribers of the Oratory having deſired the ſundays lectures to be for ſome time on particular choſen ſubjects, the burleſque Orations of the week days will be for the preſent diſcontinued, &c. *D J.* —— *He ſhould have ſaid* the decreaſing wedneſday Auditors *occaſioned this. As theſe* orations will be diſcontinued for the preſent, *they will perhaps be revived* for the time paſt.

SATURDAY, *Jan.* 8.

Laſt thurſday night at S. James's her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs Amelia, his Grace the D. of Grafton, and the Lady Betty Germaine loſt very conſiderably; and the R. Hon. the E. of Portmore won ſeveral thouſand pounds. *D J.*

On wedneſday laſt a dealer in hogs went down to Rumford market, and received 21 [illegible] which he put in a bag into his pocket; on his return [illegible] a poor man (ſeemingly) on the road deſired him [illegible]ve him a lift to London; accordingly he took him [illegible]p behind him, and carried him to White-Chappe[illegible] which time he found means to pick the Hog merch[illegible]t's pocket of all his money; and, after he had returned him thanks for his civility, walked off. *C.* —— *This perſon was not only* ſeemingly, *but* really a poor man, *when* the H[illegible]g-merchant took him up.

Two more Footmen are appointed his Royal Highneſs the Prince, which will make the number eight. *W E.*

This week the Earl of Yarmouth arrived in town from his ſeat in Norfolk, in a very advanced age, to be preſent at the meeting of the Parliament on thurſday next. *L E.*

Laſt thurſday evening a Gentleman was robbed on Finchley Common, by a man and woman on horſeback; as were the night before a Gentleman and his Wife, by an old man and a boy on horſeback. *W E.* —— *This is a very heroic age, when* old men, women, and boys, *dare undertake ſuch hazardous enterprizes.*

On thurſday laſt died in Norfolk-ſtreet in the Strand, Trafford Smith, Eſq; Barriſter at Law, eldeſt ſon of Sir Robert Smyth, of Hampſhire, Bart. *L E. W E.*

A few days ſince died in the 84th year of his age, the Rev. Mr. Harman, Vicar of Market-end near Chelmsford in Eſſex, which living, tho' but ſmall, he enjoy'd near 60 years: he was a man of excellent principles, and of ſo exemplary a life, that he may be ſaid to be an honour to the religion he profeſſed: Biſhop Compton would ſeveral times have preferr'd him; but he choſe a quiet and retired life, and would not undertake the charge of a large pariſh, where he could not himſelf diſcharge the duty required of him; thinking he ſhould not diſcharge his duty to God with ſerving it by a Curate; a rare example! and if our dignified Clergy would but ſeriouſly conſider this, it is to be hoped their pariſhes would be better ſupplied than at preſent. *L E.*

Yeſterday a melancholy accident happened at Mr. Bentley's, the King's Arms tavern, near Hungerford-market in the Strand, the particulars of which are as follow: about nine in the morning, a young Gentleman and a Lady came in a Hackney coach, and ſome time after ſent for Mr. Turnor, a Clerk in the Eaſt India houſe, who came to them, and then having drank ſome time, Turnor ſent the Porter of the tavern to Mr. Freeman's in S. Martin's-lane, to hire a piſtol, on pretence of going to Windſor, leaving half a guinea for the uſe of it, and gave Mr. Freeman's ſon particular Directions about the charging of it, which was done before them both, and then the Gunſmith withdrew: Mr. Bentley and one of the Drawers, about one of the clock, hearing a piſtol go off, run into the fore-room next the ſtreet, and found Mr. Turnor ſhot thro' the head, in at the right ear, and the perſon who was with him, gone, (the woman being gone about an hour before,) the ſurprize and confuſion was ſo great, that the other, being ſo near the door, eſcaped, and run up Hewit's court, and ſo thro' Round court. There was a letter found in the deceaſed's pocket, directed to a *Clerk in the India Houſe*, the perſon ſuppoſed to be fled, from the Lady who was with them, appointing him to meet her at a certain place in Holbourn, but not to bring that *Villain Turnor* with him. It is ſuppoſed this letter being ſhewn to Turnor by the perſon that fled, was the occaſion either of Turnor's killing himſelf, or the other perſon's doing it; tho' its ſomething ſtrange, that a letter directed to another perſon, with ſuch words in it, ſhould be found in Turnor's pocket, unleſs he ſnatched it from the other. *L E.*

There is advice by a private letter from Ireland, that 2 women were poiſon'd *there*, by taking ſome of the juice of laurel leaves, which it ſeems is an agreeable bitter, and hath by nurſes frequently been mixed with childrens ſpoon meat, being reckoned good for the wind; whereupon a very eminent Chymiſt of this town try'd it upon 2 or 3 *ſeveral* dogs this week, and they immediately fell into convulſions *upon taking it*, and dy'd on the ſpot; ſo that it appears to be rank poiſon. *D P.* —— *This* bitter it ſeems *is* agreeable *to* children, *but not to* dogs *and* women.

We hear that the Rev. Mr. Billingſby, an eminent diſſenting Miniſter at Dover, has lately conformed to the Church; he formerly married a ſiſter of Sir Phil. Yorke, Knt. his Majeſty's Attorney General. *C.* —— *If this Gentleman* had *only pretended to* conform, *he would have been, according to* Catholicus's *letter in one of our late Journals, a perſon of much greater* merit.

Oratory advertiſement. N. B. At the inſtance of ſeveral Friends and Subſcribers, mov'd with pity at the enemies crying *Quarter*, the Burleſque week day Lectures of the Oratory ſhall, for ſome time be diſcontinued, to prepare for Lectures, &c. *Fog's Journal* —— Mr. Orator's *guardian* Auditors, *whom he now calls his* enemies, *have indeed* cryed quarter; *inſomuch, that* (to *imitate his* burleſque *manner*) not a quarter *of a* quarter *of a hundred, will come once* a quarter, *to ſee and hear learning hang'd, drawn, and* quartered.

MONDAY, *Jan.* 10.

Yeſterday the Rev. Dr. Clarke preached before their Majeſties, his Royal Highneſs the Prince, &c. And the Rev. Dr. Gilbert preached before his Royal Highneſs the Duke. *C.* The Rev. Dr. Lynch preached before his Highneſs the Duke. *P. D P.* —— Laſt ſaturday his Majeſty was pleaſed to ſign a Commiſſion to Sir Charles Hotham, one of his Grooms of the Bedchamber, appointing him Lieut. Col. of the regiment of foot on the Iriſh eſtabliſhment, commanded by Col. Legonier. *D J.* Late Col. Coſby's, who is made Governor of New York. *D P.* —— And appointed the Hon. Col. Step. Cornwallis, Eſq; to be Col. of a regiment of foot, now at Jamaica, in the room of the Hon. —— Hays, deceaſed. *P.* —— Mr. Tho. Turner and Mr. Hen. Clarke, are appointed Pages to the Princeſs Mary, with a ſalary of 80 l. per ann. each. *P.*

The corpſe of the late E. of Derwentwater is to be put on board a ſhip for Flanders, in order to be interred at Louvain, where the Lady his Mother was buried. *D P.*

On ſaturday morning the D. of Lorrain, Capt. Wilſon, the Bedford, Capt. Wells, and the Prince of Orange, Capt. Hudſon, in the ſervice of the Eaſt India Company, ſailed from Blackwall for Gravesend, in order to proceed on their reſpective voyages. *C.*

We hear that Will. Collins has purchased the place of Serjeant at Mace, at the Poultry Counter, formerly Mr. Beer's, for 300 guineas, of Sam. Ruſſel, Eſq; one of the Sheriffs. *C.*

We hear from the Eaſt India Coffee-houſe in Cornhill, that Sir Iſaac will, in his to morrow's Paper, anſwer the late Craftsman's objections, &c. which no Writer has yet undertaken. Courage! *D J.* —— Sir Iſaac's *will always be a* To morrow's Paper.

Yeſterday died Jeremy Gough, Eſq; at his Chambers in the Temple, and has left a large eſtate to his Siſter, a widow Lady in Glouceſterſhire. *D P.* About 1500 l. per ann. *P.* ——— On friday night one Capt. John Weeden, Commander of the Hanover Grenadiers, &c. went to bed ſeemingly in perfect health, having ſupt cheerfully with ſome friends, and was found dead in his bed on ſaturday morning. *C.*

Laſt ſaturday the Coroner's inqueſt ſat on the body of Mr. Turner, and it appeared to the Jury, by the depoſition of the Father of the Gentleman who was in the room when the misfortune happened, and has ſince abſconded, that Mr. Turner was to have fought a duel that afternoon, for which purpoſe he had ſent for his ſword into Johnſon's Court the ſame morning by a porter. *D J.*

TUESDAY, *Jan.* 11.

It is now certain that his Majeſty will viſit his German dominions the enſuing ſummer. ——— Sunday laſt his Excellency Col. Coſby kiſſed his Majeſty's hand, upon being appointed Capt. General and Governor, and Chief in and over New York and New Jerſey, &c. *D J.*

We hear that Mr. Davis has purchaſed the place of one of the Uſhers of the Court of Exchequer, in the room of Mr. Monk, deceaſed. *P.*

Laſt week the Lord Mayor received 20 guineas from the Society of Clifford's-Inn, to be diſtributed, 14 l. to the ſufferers of Blandford, and 7 l. to Tiverton. *D P.*

From Leghorn it is written, that it has been obſerved, that from the time of the Britiſh Admiral making a ſignal for weighing, to the time of the fleet being all under ſail, was but an hour and a quarter; but that the Spaniſh ſquadron was 30 hours doing the ſame. *D J.* —— *And yet the* Spaniards outſail'd *us in the* Weſt Indies.

Yeſterday morning, about 7, a poor woman about 25 years of age, having drank too plentifully of gin, ſat herſelf down by a Geneva ſhop, the corner of Buckingham-court, at Charing-croſs, and expired in a ſhort time. She was immediately carried to S. Martin's Bone-houſe, but no body knew her; and this day the Coroner's Jury is to ſit on her body. Juſt before ſhe died, ſhe was raving mad. *P.* —— *Death equals all. My* Brother *juſtly pays the ſame reſpect to this* poor woman, *which he would do to one of much greater fortune: he gives us her age, the place, and manner of her death, and the removal of her body to a* Bone-houſe, *inſtead of an* Upholders, *in order to her interrment: in his next we may expect an account of her funeral ſolemnity.*

A few days ſince, —— Davenport, of Shropſhire, Eſq; a Gentleman of about 3000 l. per annum, was married to the celebrated Miſs Rodd, of Lincoln's-Inn fields, niece to Mr. Juſtice Price. *L E.*

We hear from Preſton in Lancaſhire, that Mr. Molineux having declined ſtanding as a candidate for Member of Parliament for that place, in the room of Daniel Pulteney, Eſq; deceaſed, Counſellor Fazakerley will be elected without oppoſition. *Ibid.*

Her Grace the Dutcheſs of Buckinghamſhire gave an elegant entertainment this day to ſeveral perſons of diſtinction, upon its being the birth-day of her ſon the Duke of Buckinghamſhire, who enter'd into the 18th year of his age. *S J.*

WEDNESDAY, *Jan.* 12.

Whitehall, Jan. 11. Yeſterday M. Como, Agent from the Court of Parma, deliver'd to his Grace the Duke of Newcaſtle, one of his Majeſty's principal Secretaries of State, a letter from the Dutcheſs dowager Dorothea of Parma, wherein ſhe acquaints his Majeſty with the due and happy accompliſhments of the ſucceſſion to the dominions of Parma and Placentia, formerly allotted to the moſt ſerene royal Infante Duke Don Carlos, the poſſeſſion and Government thereof having been delivered up to her as his Guardian; and deſires his Majeſty's acceptance of a medal ſtruck upon this occaſion; and her Highneſs expreſſes her ſenſe of his Majeſty's friendſhip to the Royal Infante Duke, and to herſelf, and of the great ſhare his Majeſty has had in this important event. *C.* &c.

The Burleſque wedneſday's diſcourſes of the Oratory are diſcontinued for ſome time, on an obligation which the Rev. Mr. Henley has entered into, &c. *D J.* — *This* obligation *was rather* layed upon *him, than voluntarily* entered into; *which occaſioned theſe* quotidian Puffs.

From the PEGASUS *in Grub-ſtreet.*

ODE for the new year; faithfully tranſlated into Engliſh for the uſe of Readers unſkilled in the *Cibberine* ſtyle; and, conſequently, not able to interpret the figurative *ſublime of the* original.

N. B. Our courteous Readers are deſired, for our honour, and their own emolument, to compare the exalted original, ſtanza by ſtanza, with this our elaborate, and almoſt literal tranſlation.

Recitativo.

AWake, with Songs, the opening day,
That calls for general *cheer:*
Since nothing *good* can live too *long,*
Let AUGUSTUS have a *ſong;*
And, *hey,* for gambols, and ſtrong beer!

Air.

Britons, your Chronicles go read;
See what King's reign you moſt admire:
The preſent ſhall the paſt exceed,
And *be* whate'er your hearts *deſire.*
For if, by chance, the *next* new year
But proves as lucky as the *laſt,*
Why, *then* —— the *preſent,* 'tis moſt *clear,*
Is far more happy than the *paſt.*

Recitativo.

But, ah! —— ſo ſweet a Prince as he,
Is greater far than *great can be!*
With cares, which none can *ſee,* oppreſs'd,
And *thoughtful too,* the Royal breaſt
Endures full many a weight,
Unfelt by *Cottagers of ſtate.*

Air.

Thus *brooding, ſingle,* in her neſt,
The *ſhe* King Eagle wakes;
Nor half her due of pleaſure takes,
Tho' Monarch of the air confeſs'd.
Nay, tho' ſhe *wakes,* her eyes don't *cloſe;* ——
She keeps ſtrict watch and ward,
Her young ones, *yet unhatch'd,* to guard;
That they may *eat, unborn,* in ſweet repoſe.

Recitativo.

What thanks, ye *Britons!* can repay
So mild, ſo juſt, ſo ſoft, a ſway?

Air.

When once a year he aſks your aid,
The *Land,* and not the *King,* is paid.
Nay, and what's *more,* his *Royal due*
Is but a *Royal want* in *you.*
Air, *moiſt* or *dry,* alike ſends rain,
To raiſe up earth, that's *born again:*
Bleſſings more grateful, uninvok'd:
His fame well *ſpred,* your land well *ſoak'd.*

Recitativo.

Help me, O help me, ſhining *crowd,*
Who now ſtand round in *Royal form:*
Sing, ſing your wiſhes, clear and loud;
And, *ah!* be grateful, and be *warm.*

Chorus.

The reign of CÆSAR let his health *ſupply*
'Till faction ſhall be *pleas'd to die;*
Or they who *love* him, wiſh him *down:*
'Till happier folks than *we,*
In ſome far country, *ſee*
A King, *ſo prais'd,* in ſo *be mus'd* a Town.

N. B. To the laſt line, I ſhall preſume, beyond the ſphere of a *Tranſlator,* to add an *humble praiſe;* in reverence of an excellence, which my great Author is well known to be *too modeſt* to aſſert his claim to.

With ſuch a LAUREAT to inſure renown.

Whereas in Mr. WELSTED's *Dullneſs and Scandal,* occaſioned by the character of *Timon,* there was *falſe Latin* in the Motto, viz. *Turnus te hoc vulnere* DONIT, inſtead of DONAT; which falſe Latin is repeated in what is ſaid to be the *ſecond* and *third* edition: two Gentlemen have laid a conſiderable wager, the one, that Mr. WELSTED *underſtood not Latin,* as not having corrected the ſame in three Editions; the other, that the title of *ſecond* and *third* Edition was only an impoſition on the publick, ſo that Mr. WELSTED could not correct it, as having never been reprinted: it is humbly deſired of Mr. WELSTED, that he will pleaſe to decide this wager, by declaring in this Paper, *which of theſe is the truth?*

Edinburgh, Dec. 30. On tueſday one Mrs. Eliz. Hogg' of North Berwick, gained the higheſt prize of 7 l. ſterling, for yarn of her own ſpinning of 7 ſpindles in the pound. One Margaret Terrier, near Glaſgow, gained the next prize of 6 l. for yarn of her own ſpinning, of 6 ſpindles in the pound. One Mrs. Bruce, in Edinburgh, gained the loweſt prize of 3 l. for yarn of her own ſpinning, of 3 ſpindles. And the Truſtees for the manufactures were ſo well ſatisfied with ſome yarn ſhewn to them by a girl of the Merchants Hoſpital, that they ordered her a compliment of 2 guineas. *C. P.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

THURSDAY, *Jan.* 6.

Naples, Dec. 11. N. S. On ſaturday arrived here a Courier from Vienna, with the Emperor's commiſſion, conſtituting the Count de Harrach Viceroy of this kingdom for 3 years longer. *C.*

Copenhagen, Jan. 1. Letters from Stockholm take notice, that altho' the acceſſion to the Vienna Treaty has been twice propoſed to the Senate ſince the King's return, they have come to no reſolution, on pretence they wait to ſee what meaſures will be taken by other Powers. *D P.*

This day arrived a Mail from France.

Paris, Jan. 12. They have newly printed at the Royal Printing-houſe, the third volume of the ordinances of the Kings of France, from the time of Hugo Capet, collected by Mr. Seconſſe, Advocate of the Parliament in place of the late Mr. Lauriere, who had begun that work, and an impreſſion of the 4th volume will be forwarded ſuddenly. *E P.* M. Secourſe. *D P.* Secouſſe. *P.* Secouſſes. *C.*

FRIDAY, *Jan.* 7.

Paris, Jan. 12. They write from Grenoble, that M. Raymont, huſband to the 2d Madam de France's Nurſe, has revived at S. Gervaix, the Royal foundery of iron cannon, which had been laid aſide there for 10 or 12 years; and that he is actually caſting guns of all ſorts and ſizes *C.* &c. —— They write from Genoa, that the Duke de S. Aignan arrived there the 29th paſt. —— We have received advice, that the Princeſs of Monaco died there of the Small-pox, in the 35th year of her age. *C. P. D P.* —— Some days ago, 3 Attorneys of Pontoiſe murdered M. Le Fevre, another Attorney of the ſame place, who had ſome time before won of them about 60 livres at bowls. They met him in the country, and demanded the 60 livres, which he refuſing to pay, they beat out his brains with their ſticks, and afterwards threw him into the river, and made their eſcape. *C.* &c.

Hague, Dec. 18. N. S. Mynheer Hochaver, formerly Secretary to the Imperial Chancery, 'till he was charged with communicating to the French Miniſters copies of the Treaty of Vienna of March laſt, and alſo of the Count Von Kufſtein's inſtructions, has been tried for that fact, and condemned to work in the mines at Raab in Hungary for 6 years, and then to be baniſhed the Emperor's dominions. ——— The Engliſh Merchants ſettled in the Monarchy of Spain, ſtill complain in their letters, that they do not feel the benefit of the alliance between their Britannick and Catholick Majeſties. The Spaniſh Privateers ſtill take their ſhips under the *Guarda Coſta's,* who at leaſt ſearch their veſſels, and make them pay exorbitant duties: which if continued muſt in time end in repelling force by force; the Court of Spain, which has been informed of all theſe hardſhips ſeeming to turn a deaf ear to the frequent repreſentations that have been made to them upon this ſubject. *P.*

Extract of a private letter from Liege. —— The Pamphlet by ſome attributed to Monſieur de Chavigny, entitled *Reflexions of an impartial German Patriot, upon the Emperor's demand of the Guarantee of the Pragmatick Sanction,* makes a great noiſe. *P.*

SATURDAY, *Jan.* 8.

Hague, Dec. 18. N. S. Our laſt letters from Bruſſels adviſe, that the 2 ſhips equipping at Oſtend by the Directors of the Company of the Auſtrian Netherlands will ſpeedily ſail, notwithſtanding the oppoſition made by certain Powers. —— Private letters from Vienna inform us, that the Electors of Cologn and Bavaria have lately had an interview at Rothenberg, and reſolved to rebuild that fortreſs, demoliſhed many years ſince: and confirm, that the Electors of Bavaria, Saxony, and Palatine, have no inclination to come into the *Pragmatick Sanction.* —— *Dec.* 21. The Duke de Ripperda is arrived at Tangier; and the next news we hear of him, he will be at Miquenez. We are aſſured, that he is gone to bring ſome fatal cataſtrophe upon the monarchy of Spain: others ſay his deſign is againſt England; but all that we know for certain is, that he is gone away full fraught with ſome grand enterpriſe. *P.*

MONDAY, *Jan.* 10.

Extract of a private letter from Hamburgh. —— Upon their High Mightineſſes inſiſting, that the Oſtend Company having ſent the ſhip Apollo to India, ſince the Preliminaries, they could now ſend but one more by virtue of the Treaty of Vienna, the Emperor has declared, that he had nothing to do with that ſhip, neither did it belong to any of his ſubjects. The paſſport of the Court of Pruſſia was given with blanks, for the names of the ſhip, the Owner, and Captain; and therefore it is plain ſhe belongs to *Nobody*; Signor Rezani ſells the merchandizes, for *Nobody*; *Nobody* is paid for them; and 2 ſhocks of this town, laden with tea from on board her, having been

taken upon the coaſt of Holland, and confiſcated, *Nobody* owns them: and therefore *Nobody* deſires all the News Papers to inſert the following advertiſement. —— A SHIP FOUND, There is arrived in the Elbe, a ſhip freighted by *Nobody*, commanded by *Nobody*, loaded with tea, china ware, India ſilks, muſlins, and other commodities, which *Nobody* in England or Holland can buy; her paſport was for *Nobody*. If any perſon has loſt ſuch a ſhip, let him apply to Signor Rezani at Hamburgh, who ſells the cargo, and will ſell the ſhip for *Nobody*, if *Nobody* reclaims her. *P.*

Yeſterday arrived the Mail from France.

Paris, Jan. 16. On the 10th, the Deputies of the Parliament went to Verſailles, in obedience to the order they had received from the King; when his Majeſty told them, he was very much diſſatisfied with his Parliament, and commanded them to eraſe out of their Regiſters all that has been done ſince September in relation to the affairs of the times. *C.*

WEDNESDAY, *Jan.* 11.

Paris, Dec. 31. N. S. They write from Cahors, that 4 Vicars in that Dioceſe being interdicted upon account of the Conſtitution *Unigenitus*, the Recollects perform'd the ſervice in their room. Theſe Gentlemen make no ſcruple to forbid the reading of the Goſpel, upon pain of excommunication for laymen; alledging, among other things, that it is better not to read at all, than to concern themſelves with reading the Goſpel. ——— There has been a new faſhion ſtarted here within theſe few weeks, occaſioned by the famous proceſs between Father Girard and Mademoiſelle Cadiere. It conſiſts in a ſort of ribbons, upon which thoſe two celebrated perſons are painted in miniature, much like the figures upon fans; and to theſe they give the names of *Girards* and *Cadieres*. The eagerneſs of the *Coquets* and *Beaux* at the firſt appearance of theſe ribbons, was ſuch, that the price of them roſe to a crown a yard: the former wore them upon their heads, and the latter upon their ſwords: but this mode was ſoon put down as ſcandalous, all the ribbon ſhops in this City having received warning from the Lieutenant General *de Police*, not to ſell any more of thoſe ribbons, upon pain of fine and impriſonment; and accordingly ſeveral that were expoſed to ſale in the *Palais*, were ſeized, together with thoſe that uttered them. *C.*

Extract of a private Letter from Paris. Councils of war are continually holding at Court; and in all appearance, our forces, inſtead of ſuffering a diminution either by ſea or land, will be augmented. —— Our laſt letters from Tours adviſe, that an Engliſh Gentleman named Hamilton, who had reſided there for ſome time, having invited ſeveral friends to his houſe, he went out, during the repaſt, to look for a friend that was not yet come, and by accident met in the ſtreet one Brochine, a common gameſter and bully, who inſulted him: they drew, and the other Engliſh gentlemen coming to Mr. Hamilton's aſſiſtance, Brochine was killed upon the ſpot. Mr. Hamilton made his eſcape; but one of the Engliſh gentlemen was taken. It is ſaid, there are ſeveral witneſſes, that will prove Brochine to be the aggreſſor. *P.*

Books and Pamphlets publiſhed ſince our laſt.

5. The Gentleman's Magazine, Numb. XII. Pr. 6 d.
The Engliſhman's Right, &c. By Sir John Hawles. Pr. 1s.
Alkibla. Part II. on worſhipping towards the Eaſt, &c.
10. Numb. I. of Elements of Chemiſtry. Pr. 1s. 6d.
11. The Peace of Europe: a Poem, by Mr. Seagrave. Pr. 6 d.
A Scheme demonſtrating how ſeveral hundred thouſand pounds may be raiſed yearly without Officers, &c. by Tho. Downes. Pr. 4 d.
A Sermon preached at Chriſt-Church, Dublin, Oct. 23. by Edw. Lord Biſhop of Clonfert. Pr. 6 d.
The Political State of Great Britain, for December.
Remarks on a Letter to Dr. Waterland, &c. Pr. 6 d.
A character of Anſelmus, or a view of Parnaſſus: a Poem. Pr. 1s.
12. A Soldier and a Scholar. Pr. 6 d.

On Tueſday Stocks were

South Sea Stock 102 1 half, 102 1 qr. for the Opening. South Sea Annuity 110 1 half to 5 8ths Bank 149 3 8ths. New Bank Circulation 6 l. 2 s. 6 d. Premium. India 182 3 qrs. 182 1 8th, for the Opening. Three per Cent Annuity 97 1 half, for ditto. Royal Exchange Aſſurance 100, for ditto. London Aſſurance 13 1 8th. York Buildings 14, Books open. African 46, for the Opening. Engliſh Copper 2 l. 16 s. Welch ditto 1 l. 16 s. South Sea Bonds 6 l. 18 s. Premium. India ditto 7 l. 2 s. ditto. Blanks 7 l. 4 s. 6 d. to 5 s. 20 l. Prizes 19 l. 6 s.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE MEMOIRS of Monſieur *du Gué Trouin*, Chief of a Squadron of the Royal Navy of France, and Great Croſs of the Military Order of S. Lewis; containing all his Sea-Actions with the Engliſh, Dutch, and Portugueſe, in the late Wars of King William and Queen Anne.

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